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UMA'S TAPASYA

by
L.N. Birla

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UMA'S TAPASYA

by
L.N. Birla

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VICE-PRESIDENT

NEW DELHI
November 15, 1961.

Sri L. N. Birla's book sumptuously brought out with fine illustrations deals with Uma's penance and the birth of Kumāra. It presents the need for austerity and exalts purity of love and glory of motherhood. Penance or tapasya helps the human being to discover the spirit in him, learn the values of truth and love and gain grace and strength to implement the great ideals. In a comfort-loving world full of restlessness, it is not easy to maintain a balanced outlook. In the present world with its threat of nuclear war, increasing crimes of violence and fierce competition in economic life it is good to be reminded of the values of self-control and pure devotion.

I wish Sri Birla success in his literary work.

S. Radhakrishnan

(S. Radhakrishnan)

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STANZA LXII

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Her very presence made all world pure,
The entire creation felt it sure;
The stream, the trees, the rocks rang with prayer,
She felt His presence everywhere;
The gift of heavenly peace descended,
Free of all sufferings her penance ended.

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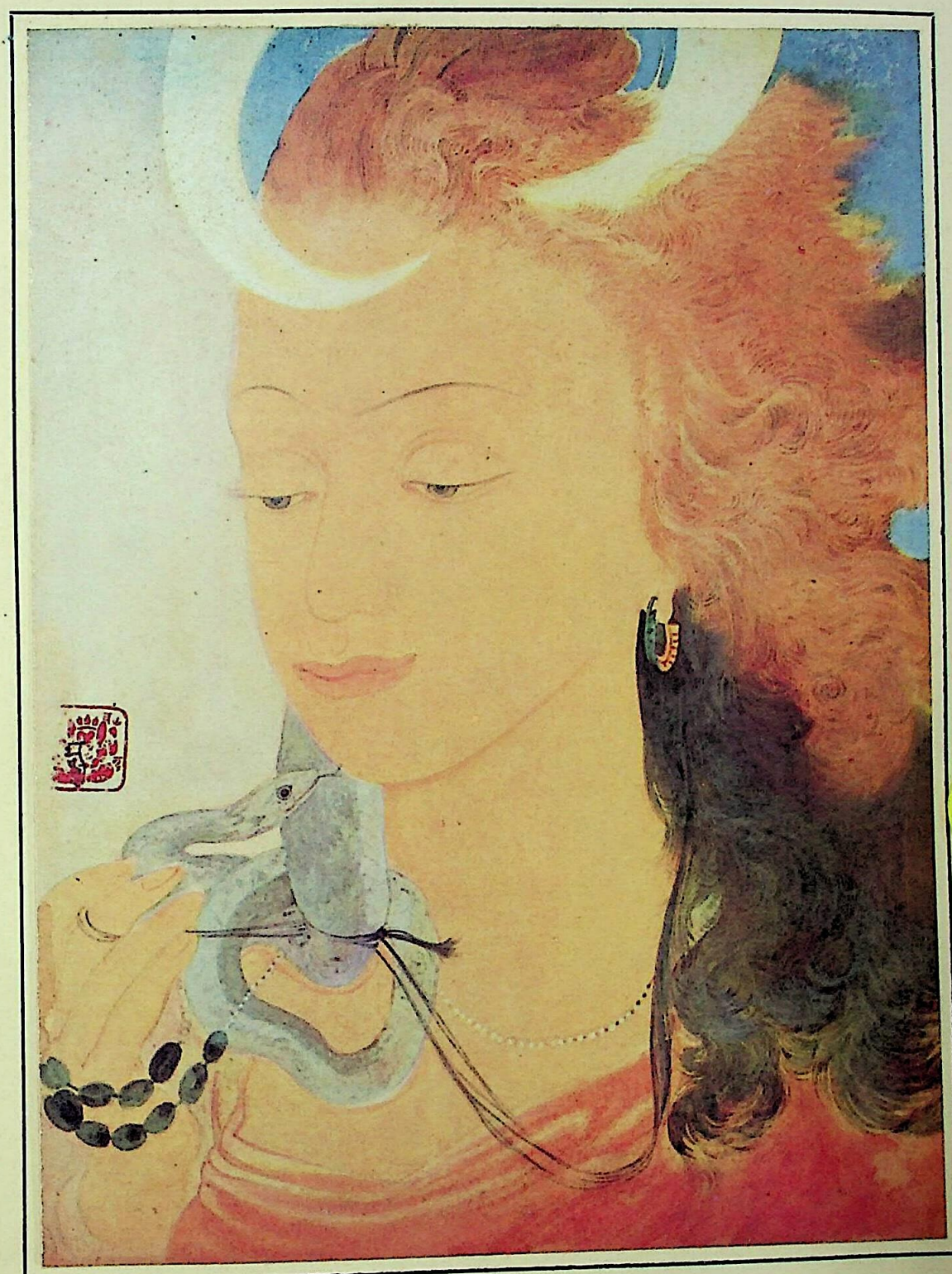

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PREFACE

Umā's Tapasyā is a bright chapter in the mythological episode of India. It depicts love at its best, which is free of the desire for the body. It also shows that uncompromising determination is always necessary for fulfilment of any high purpose.

Lord Śiva is indifferent to worldly pleasures, while for the World at large He is full of the kindliest concern. He is mindful even of the meanest and merciful to all.

When in the shape of "Hara" He destroys, He does so only to help the renewal of creation. He is the Lord of destruction in the significant sense that it is a new beginning for a continuous creation. Consequently, He symbolises the adorable power of eternal creation in the shape of "Hara-Pārvatī"—the inseparable union of God the Father with Goddess the Mother of all created beings.

Their love is pure and in a way impersonal for their love is charged with the divine purpose of securing the good of the World. So it is that Pārvatī sets about gaining the union for no bodily attraction but for the cause of the World, and the perfectly natural means for such a selfless end is an austere process of penance to prove her lust-free love.

Only apparently, then, is her penance doubtful of success though it was destined to succeed. The world stood in need of its success. Their union was the inevitable end.

The story, like all good stories, has its complications. A demon by the name of Tārak, by virtue of

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penance, got a boon from Brahmā that nobody could kill him excepting a child born to Pārvatī or Umā and Lord Śiva. Tārak became ruthless and started torturing gods and goddesses. They all assembled and went to Brahmā who showed his inability to do anything unless a child was born to Pārvatī. One day while Lord Śiva was in a happy mood, Kāma or Madan, the God of Love, was asked to shoot his dart into Śiva's heart so that He would marry and beget a child. Before however Kāma could fling his dart, Śiva saw him and burnt him with the fire emanating from his third eye. The wife of Kāma or Madan, Ratī, went to Śiva; and Śiva out of mercy granted her a boon that though in body Madan was burnt, he would live bodiless in the person of all in the universe.

When Umā was young, one day the sage Nārada visited her father's palace and made a prediction that she would marry Lord Śiva. This sowed the seed of pure love in Umā's heart and she immediately took a vow to undergo penance to wed Śiva. She said that she would go in for a thousand years of tapasyā, and either she would marry Śiva or die a spinster. Her penance started. As it progressed, Śiva's heart melted. Off and on He sent the seven sages to test Umā on her devotion and every time the sages visited they returned to report of her full and lust-free devotion.

As time was passing the gods and goddesses became very uneasy. They feared that probably Umā would never succeed. They tried a second time through the bodiless Madan to inflict Śiva with passion. A false spring was created and everything was seductively arrayed by nature; but when at last Madan wanted to go near Śiva he suddenly lost courage remembering his first encounter and ran away from the assignment. The gods and goddesses then had no other alternative. They went

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and prayed to Lord Śiva. Śiva blessed them which promised hope.

Meantime nature carried on her routine. Seasons came and went. Some of them were joyful, others trying. Then arrived a day when the Lord stood face to face with Umā. She lost her entity and became one with Him, and they attained the inseparable union, which keeps the world alive through cycles of life and death.

This is simple philosophy of this story. Yet underneath this lies hidden one of the highest forms of philosophy ever conceived. It propounds the doctrine that Ātman is Brahman.

The Supreme is the transcendent but is also the emanant spirit. The quality of the Supreme provided the basis for the reality of personality in God and man.

Sa bhūmiṁ sarvato vṛtvā
Atyatiṣṭhad daśāṅgulam. (*Yajur Veda*)

The Supreme though transcendent and living everywhere in the Universe also dwells inside the space of ten fingers.

Ātman, though dwelling inside the mortal, is the only immortal. Ātman and Brahman are the same. What is screened with a veil cannot be clearly seen even by one who is very near to it. Similarly, a veil of Māyā surrounds the Ātman inside a man. Only by awareness of Māyā the Ātman realises itself as eternal and universal. Penance is performed to pierce the veil of Māyā and the subsequent realisation of the Ātman is union with the whole. Ātman is Brahman and Brahman is all.

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I

A golden night it is
Cheered by the cooling breeze.
And from the east on his heavenly deer,
The curious full moon rose to peer.
Gold blent with silver light
Platinum splendor it spreads aright.

II

Seeing the glow of the moon assail,
The receding darkness of the night frail,
The chirping cricket starts its wail,
And splashing over the stony trail
The murmuring streamlets run to the dale.
Peace and gaiety in harmony prevail.

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III

The Lord despises not the meanest,
Adorns Himself with snakes in earnest;
The hooded reptiles sway and flare
To the deep notes of His divine Damaru,
And, dammed in the locks of His hair,
The Ganga gurgles gliding thru'.

IV

Far from the gorgeous Amravati
In the Himalayas He resides.
He wants not the Garuda mighty,
Like Indra, no Airavat He rides;
Nor does He fly on Pushpak glim,
The humble Rishabha is good for Him.

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STANZA V

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One hopeful day to Himavan's court
The immortal sage Narada went;
Both myself and father 'fore him knelt,
Wondering what brought a visitor so great.
"Unrivalled is Thy destiny",
Blessing he said to me.

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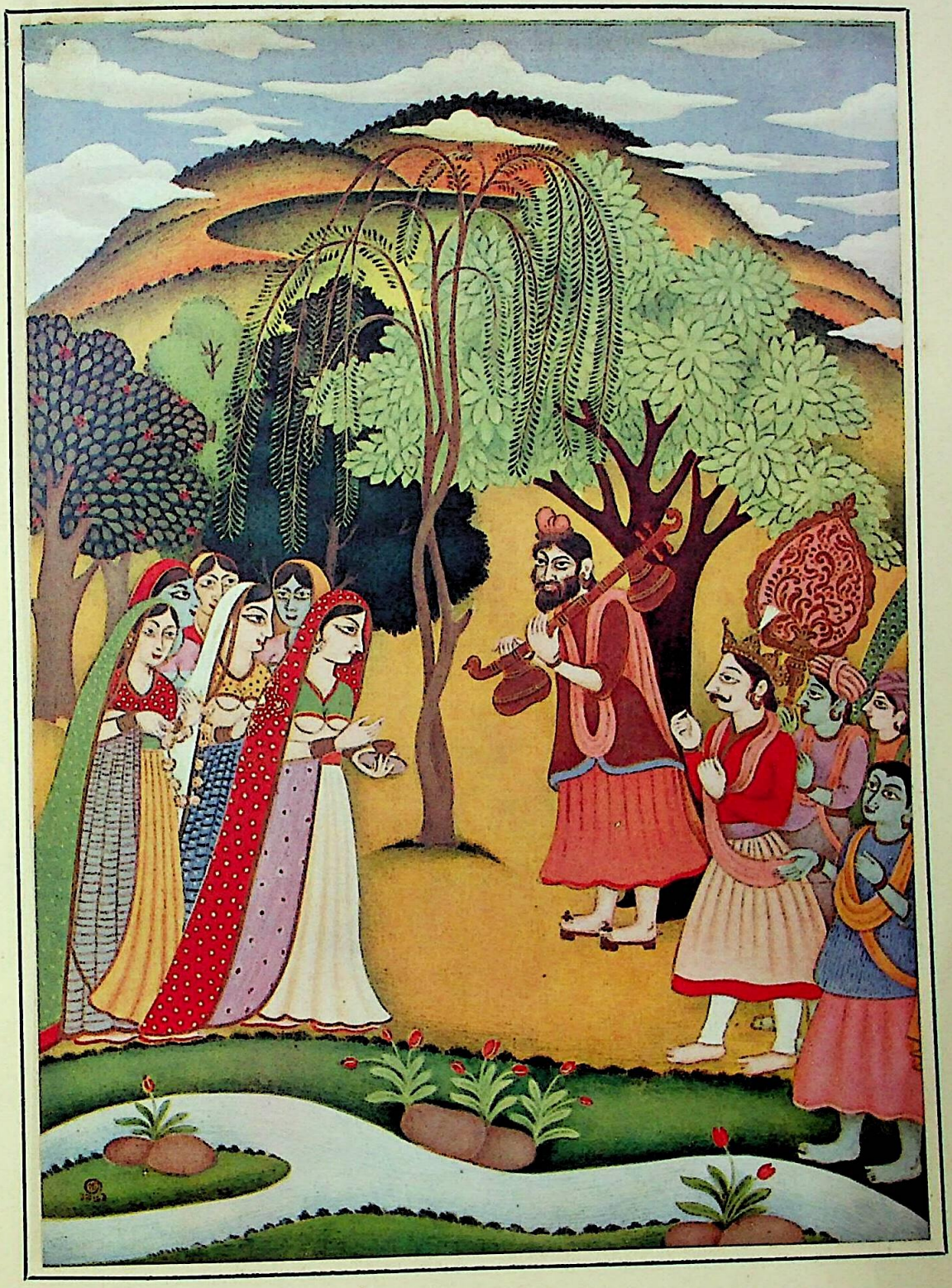

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V

One hopeful day to Himavan's court
The immortal sage Narada went;
Both myself and father 'fore him knelt,
Wondering what brought a visitor so great.
"Unrivalled is Thy destiny",
Blessing he said to me.

VI

The person you shall marry
Is long haired and shabby,
Rebel to every rule and standard,
With a taste for all that is absurd;
He with human skulls is adorned,
And his ways are crudely drolled."

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VII

Disappointed was my father though,
And mother greatly distressed, Oh !
Songs resounded in the heaven of my heart,
Him I knew, all doubts shred apart;
Serene and collected to sleep I went,
And a benign vision I presently dreamt.

VIII

The Lord stood in my presence,
My happiness was deep and immense;
Sans desire I bowed prostrate,
My head at His feet I lay elate.
Woke up I, and rushed with a sudden start
To tell my parents what swelled in my heart.

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IX

As my vision I recounted,
A hundred times they blessed;
Mother wept with pleasure excess,
Flooded me with all her caress.
At the moment a heavenly voice pealed :
"Uma, be your wishes fulfilled"

X

In stately domes the Lord has no peace,
In castles He is not at ease.
The mountains high His palace create,
Shining rocks the halls decorate,
Creepers hang the drapings green,
The spreading trees form the screen.

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XI

Stars illuminate His abode at night,
Sunlit snows keep it all day bright.
Over arts great and true He presides,
Artificial He rejects as truth it hides.
For His acceptance even 'joy' pines,
Since mundane enjoyment the Lord resigns.

XII

Wherever theLord happens to appear
Evils hide in mortal fear;
His eyes fall on whichever side
Serene happiness instantly abide.
He never forgets the humble and the small
If sincerely Him they care to call.

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XIII

To love He responds if it is real,
My mind be poised for this supreme ordeal;
Objects of senses are none my concern
Freedom from them I must by all means earn.
Though the time moves too slow
To that propitious end I go.

XIV

Departed the bleak wind-swept winter,
Spring was aglow with Sisir lustre;
Breath of great life stirred all around,
A greenfire broke with saluting sound,
Burst out the leaves in a riotous heap,
As nature woke up from seasonal sleep.

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XV

Rivers revived with the melting snow,
The blades of grass made brilliant show;
Stray flowers scattering beauty and light,
Dancing with breeze gay and spright;
Changing colour against the sky
The chattering parrots flit and fly.

XVI

Birds returned hopping and flitting,
Came the finch-lark sweetly warbling;
To the cooler north retired the coots,
Honked the goose in quest of shoots;
Elephants, swayed by the maddening spring,
Swam the lakes with majestic swing.

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STANZA XXIX

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Mountain loomed like dry bones bare,
Parched earth grinned across vanishing water;
The clouds floated afar fearing to meet,
As menacingly marched the all destroying heat;
Lark lost the songs, cuckoo abroad goes
Peacock and snake ceased to be foes.

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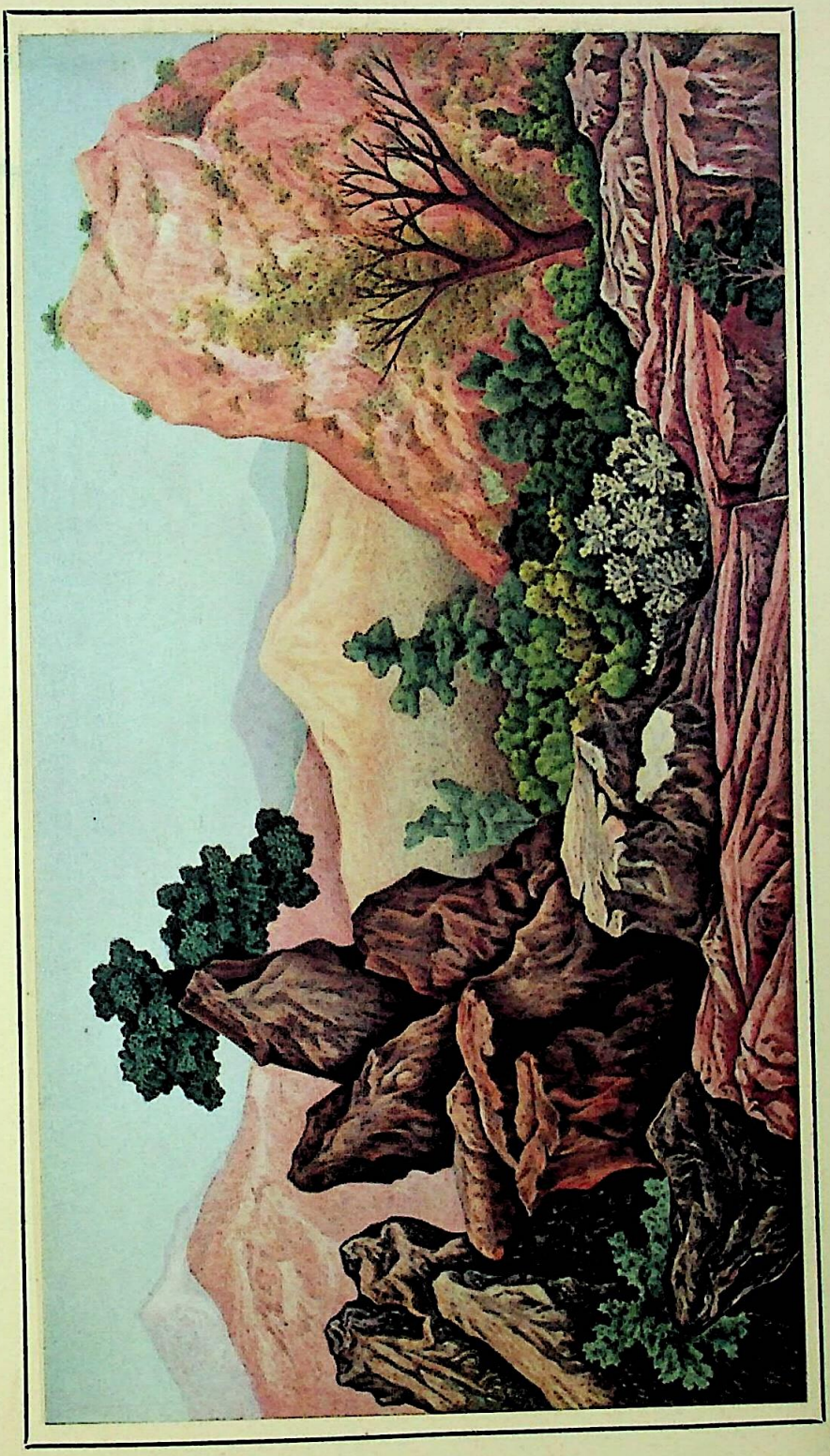

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XVII

The fields of corn surging with life,
Echoes the songs of farmer's wife,
And fell around her child's laughter
Like shining chips of the morning star;
The cow lay across the lea in thoughts tranquil,
Hunted in the grass clumps the blackbreasted quail.

XVIII

Discarding the white blanket of snow,
Nature with fresh life held a green show;
Tiny deep blue the violet flower,
Peeping from under the leaves that cover,
Assured, disappeared the wintry sling,
With love and friendship smiles at the spring.

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XIX

Her mind fixed on Shiva's feet,
And ears too full of melody sweet,
With eyes closed in that one thought
For sorrow or pleasure she cared nought;
To all impervious, to all else blind
Uma dived into the depth of her mind.

XX

Sometimes doubt assailed her,
And inside she did wither;
The thought of the Lord folded in her brain,
Giving her hope amidst her strain;
And warmly His grace reached out,
Clung to the truth, her heart was stout.

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XXI

And entered spring jovial with fanfare,
Decorations completed the show of nature,
Creepers flower-laden maidenly handsome,
Branches bumper with brilliant blossom;
Weight of fragrance the shrubbery felt,
That fine morning the lilacs smelt.

XXII

Bounteous nature dressed up trees and hills,
Multi-coloured creepers shook with thrills,
Through the dew when sunlight drips
The day shall fold the beauty in its grips,
And with tender lips night shall kiss
Ere the heaven opens the star-studded eyes.

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XXIII

Horizontal bars of molten silver
Mirrored in the sky and the river,
Endless foliage in miracle blaze,
Forming luxurious fathomless maze;
Cupid lay in that cradle of spring
Whispering breeze made it swing.

XXIV

Bees stole honey from flowers dripping;
O'er miles long grooves gay and sparkling
Playing hide and seek ran the pheasants prancing;
With spread-out tails came the peacocks dancing;
With promising day the dawn approached
The starlit night like a bride proposed.

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XXV

In her presence emerged the Rishis seven,
Waiting they were to test her devotion,
"Uma, look at the great nature fiery,
Do see the world eager to be merry,
It is Narada's guile to praise what is rife,
He burnt even Kama to spite life."

XXVI

"O, Rishis bountiful, you are wise,
In doing kindness Narada used no guise;
Lucky he is, who his luck knows not,
Unfaltering trust leads me right aloft.
And think you the Lord hungered desire,
Burnt He Kama in utter despair ?"

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XXVII

Heavenly light broke in upon the sages,
"We grant O daughter your cherished wishes".
A bliss celestial she did find,
And full of hope was her mind;
Her prayers went on more solemn and sound
While a hundred springs kept going round.

XXVIII

Sun, a radiant globe of fire,
Darted out beams flaming and dire;
With its sullen days and weary nights,
Summer arrived in the season's flights;
Flowers shed the petals, trees their leaves,
Pines and hemlocks like iron gleams.

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STANZA XXXVIII

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Bodiless Madan in graceful stride
Floating on fragrance with Rati at his side;
They thought they might invisible be,
Then realised that everywhere is He.
In mortal fear both turned away,
Indra's behest lost its sway.

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XXIX

Mountain loomed like dry bones bare,
Parched earth grinned across vanishing water;
The clouds floated afar fearing to meet,
As menacingly marched the all destroying heat;
Lark lost the songs, cuckoo abroad goes
Peacock and snake ceased to be foes.

XXX

The summer sky and the snowy range
Shined on them the sun orange,
The dried-up grass around the hill
Looked one mass of yellow spill,
And all this reflected in the Manas lake;
Nature donned saffron for Uma's sake.

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XXXI

To smouldering ashes the land was turned,
And her tender feet it deeply burned.
Uma was unmoved, without water or food;
With upturned face she faithfully stood,
Waiting long for the word of the Lord,
The one word that touches innermost chord.

XXXII

There are trips in upward flight
Gravity pulls back to the ground right.
Though failure barks still continue the fight,
Keep coming back with punch in your strike,
Till far heights shine in silver light,
Care not the results for it will be bright.

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XXXIII

The evening sunlight bathing all in blood,
Rhododendrons flowing crimson flood,
But covered it swiftly with the veil of night,
Because of Uma nature shaded off the light;
The panther roared from the far off lair,
The acrid scent still lingered in the air.

XXXIV

The dying sun gilded the budding jasmin fair,
The subtle scent of mogra cooled the sultry air,
And enchanting shadows when day and night meet,
Happy respite ever from the scorching heat,
The Gandharva lovers sat on the river brink,
All their passions shaken, they forgot somarasa drink.

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XXXV

Night stole quietly through the twilight gate,
Hanging on her fingers thousand lovers' fate;
As tacked in her mind remain mysteries unknown
Her myraid twinkling eyes searching anon,
With fidgety haste wand'ring she sought
But baffled she went as lovers found nought.

XXXVI

Lo, it was spring again one fine morn,
Buttercups and daffodils in thousands born;
Returned were the bees and the bulbul gay,
The blue tailed bee-eater had a busy day,
It swooped down ti-tewing to catch the prey;
Came the nymphs of Indra in splendid array.

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XXXVII

The eight-petalled gold blossom lined the path,
Scattering pollen on the virgin earth;
Moved through the grooves the oreads dancing,
Indra's paradise brought down bouncing;
Scented breeze softly blows,
And the sun in heaven mildly glows.

XXXVIII

Bodiless Madan in graceful stride
Floating on fragrance with Rati at his side;
They thought they might invisible be,
Then realised that everywhere is He.
In mortal fear both turned away,
Indra's behest lost its sway.

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XXXIX

For refuge from the demon, when all hopes dashed,
At the feet of Shiva the gods then rushed.
Headed by Brahma they all bowed prone,
For grant them an asylum He could alone.
Untouched by passion the Lord austere
Blessed them with mercy relieving all fear.

XL

For unreal hath no being,
Lose not the sight of the real thing;
Sometimes untruth wears white robe,
But the eyes of truth underneath probe,
Undeluded who tread the path,
Shiva saves them from worldly wrath.

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STANZA LIV

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The bright Sharad went silent and slow,
The days were dull and short of glow,
The trees were covered with flecks of snow,
And the sky with its purple hollow;
The windy spirals foreboding storm
While rising fog thickening the gloom.

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XLI

The spring did come and sure it went,
But trees took shape and fragrance lent;
The summer heat goes drying in its train,
But brings it forth the life-giving rain.
Bloom and gloom by turn go past
But only the good is left to last.

XLII

Like dark at dawn vanished the false spring,
The rains advanced with drums thundering,
The royal ensign carried lightning,
The mighty army of clouds marching,
Assailing the foes with arrows keen,
Giving relief to the exhausted and lean.

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XLIII

The dome-like rainbow full of sheen,
Revived grass spread carpet green,
Numerous small flowers forming design,
On the banks of the brooks red blossoms line;
The foaming rivers played the fountains,
Himalayas draped in green for the rains.

XLIV

Flitting butterflies to and fro,
Flashing gorgeous mauve and yellow;
Streamlets tuned to croaking frogs,
The swimming swans shrieked mating notes,
The day lost its colour and form
Blackened by the morning storm.

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XLV

Suddenly flew up the flock of crows,
The goosling with terror rigidly froze,
Sensing instantly a prowler in sight;
From the bending branch the cat swooped right,
And with a snarl it reaches very close,
The goosling flapping to the midstream flows.

XLVI

As bloom was reaching its fullest the scarlet little flower,
The cruel shaft destroyed it in part of fleeting hour,
It left a dream of subtle perfume to linger in the air,
Unknown, unfelt leaving no name, contributing its share;
While the land rejoiced and the running water-courses sing,
On the hanging fragile tree other flowers spring.

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XLVII

The flocks and the shepherd upward wend
Past the poplar trees the cattle tend;
The flute of the cowherd goes echoing,
The trees of the valley to keep time swing;
Spread over the clouds to block the sunlit bower,
Preventing the sun from regaining power.

XLVIII

Continues the duel between darkness and light,
When dark seems winning flame withering blight,
Courage looks waning in a sorry plight,
Fears palpitate in the shadow of the night,
Keep to the path and the destination right
Next morn may rise beautifully bright.

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XLIX

Uma felt indifferent though frightfully alone,
The holy union aspired she ever to attain,
The charm left for her heart was to atone;
But gathering courage the Rishis appeared again,
"Waste nought", they said, "Your youth, O daughter,
We grant you boon forget Shiva vulgar."

L

"My mind induced me to senseless fling,
It wants me to fly without any wing;
It plans to lift the earth in a spider's web,
Like a desert mirage the worldly joys ebb;
If you grant me a boon, O Rishis kind,
Be to my fault a little blind".

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LI

Sharad advanced with mantle bright
The shining moon and starry night,
The picture, on the streams reflecting,
Looked like courtiers around the king.
Leaves donned their copper hue
Was afraid of winter even the rue.

LII

The constant beauty sublime and pure,
Like the basic truth it ever shall endure;
Flying on the dew drenched wings of the future,
It carries from the past what is there sure.
Satyam Sundaram preached from yore
Even such beauty could not Uma lure.

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LIII

Afraid of the arrows of the wintry snow,
Birds and eagles southwards go;
With the tinge of blue the lunar twilight,
In the transparent sky and earth below,
A divine soft music eternally flow,
In such joys of life only fortunates delight.

LIV

The bright Sharad went silent and slow,
The days were dull and short of glow,
The trees were covered with flecks of snow,
And the sky with its purple hollow;
The windy spirals foreboding storm
While rising fog thickening the gloom.

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LV

The winter stormed, left nothing green;
The pine got tossed cursing its teen,
Now and then were halcyon days,
They thanked the fate who escaped the frays,
Followed frost to kill feeling and life,—
That which is pure will only survive.

LVI

The snow comes slowly down this way,
Was silence soaked, even the dazzling day;
Echo lost the power to call respond,
The drongo crow stopped, the harshy scold;
The invisible beauty, nought out to sing,
Pure and serene in the heart of everything.

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STANZA LXIV

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Prakriti and Purusha they do create,
Gouri and Mahesh come to protect;
All earthly things must end some day,
As Shakti and Shiva that role they play;
Treat them separate or treat them one Whole,
Add or subtract, the Whole remains Whole.

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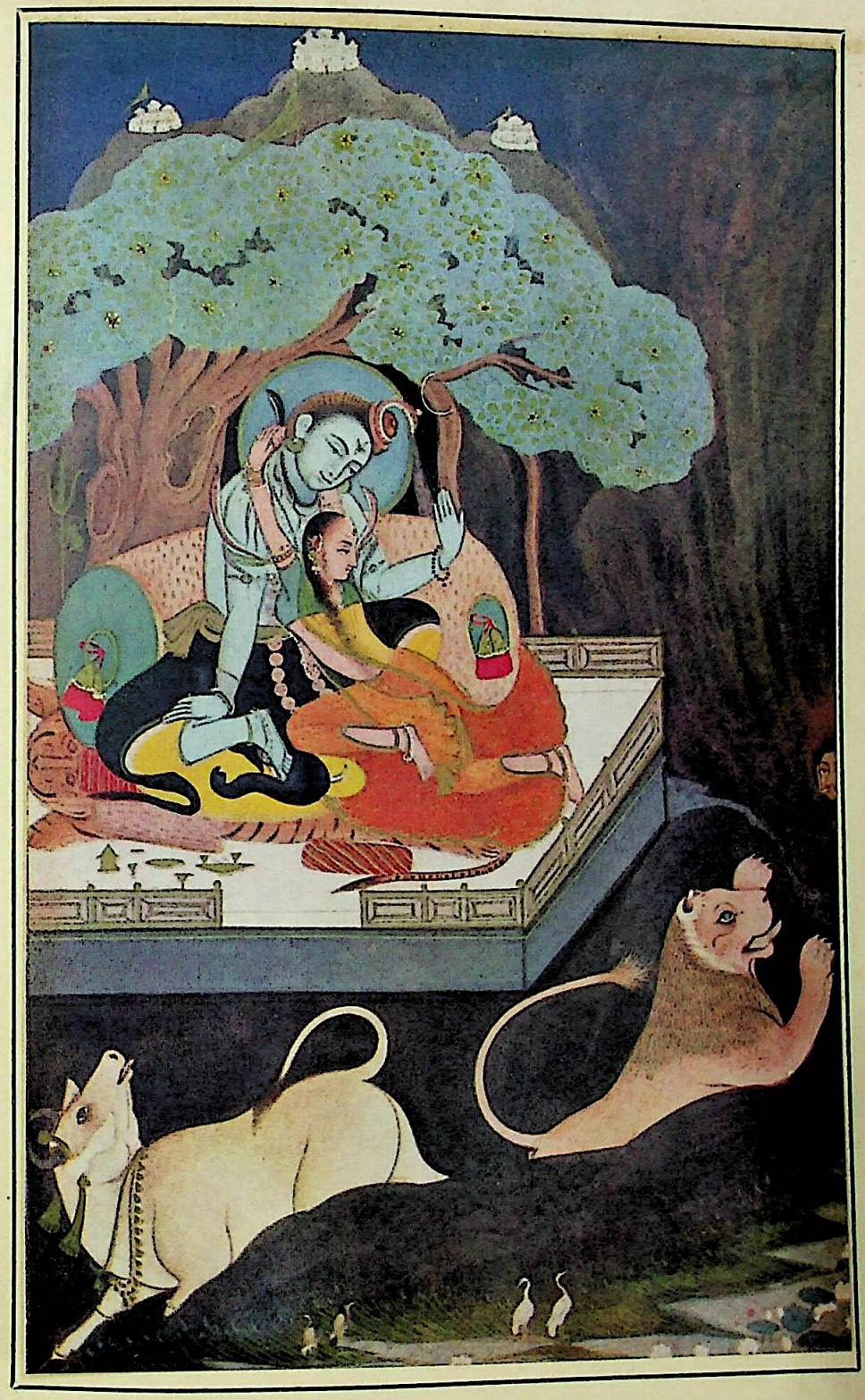

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LVII

The snow bear went to a long sleep,
Whole nature retired into recess deep;
No beasts, no birds, no butterflies, no bees;
Lost were the earthly joys and bliss.
Worldly pleasures die and live,
Only truth and faith ever survive.

LVIII

The river froze and deserted was the shore,
The rock-hard fountains were crystal pure
Evergreen meadow turned snowy sight
Nature attired in flowing robe white;
Cold wind shrilled through the bronze tipped pines,
Branches frosted hanging like vines.

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LIX

The heavenly Kailash towering high,
Above the frozen lakes into the sky.
Around its peak, dazzling with snow,
The clouds went in procession slow,
Paying their obeisance to the Lord
Bereft of His blessings none could afford.

LX

Uma was immersed in the Lord all in all
Outward delight though purest may pall.
Thus one by one the days did go,
The weeks of the month did smoothly flow,
When months of the season appeared to fly,
The seasons of the year thousand rolled by.

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LXI

Seasons changed and centuries went.
Dreaming dreams that no mortal dreamt,
Tuned to the Lord she stood sublime.
The moon and stars as all they turn,
And all the planets round the Sun
Spread the tidings from clime to clime.

LXII

Her very presence made all world pure,
The entire creation felt it sure.
The stream, the trees, the rocks rang with prayer,
She felt His presence everywhere;
The gift of heavenly peace descended,
Free of all sufferings her penance ended.

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LXIII

Shiva and Uma were now one and the same,
The flying spark merged into the flame;
The urge for true and blissful creation,
A force above physical attraction.
Shiva and Shakti the two combined
An eternal bliss for all mankind.

LXIV

Prakriti and Purusha they do create,
Gouri and Mahesh come to protect;
All earthly things must end some day,
As Shakti and Shiva that role they play;
Treat them separate or treat them one Whole,
Add or subtract, the Whole remains Whole.

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EXPLANATORY NOTES

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EXPLANATORY NOTES

(1) The synonym for 'deer' in Sanskrit is 'Hariṇa' which also means white. Whiteness of the moon indicated this name and the symbol of deer came to be adopted as its carrier.

(*St. I line 1st*)

(2) 'Damaru' (Ḍamaru) is a drum of a type.

(*St. III line 4th*)

(3) The story about the river 'Ganga' (Gaṅgā) is that originally she resided at the feet of Lord Viṣṇu. The sons of King Sāgara died in defending the sacrificial horse and in order to absolve and free the dead forefathers from their sins Bhagīratha performed tapasyā to bring down the Gaṅgā to the earth. Lord Viṣṇu was pleased with him and agreed to let the Gaṅgā fall. But there was none who could bear the first fury of her fall and help her gently on to the earth. So Bhagīratha pleased Lord Śiva who agreed to receive the Gaṅgā on his head and release her to the earth. This mythology suggests the modern principles of damming up turbulent streams.

(*St. III line 6th*)

(4) 'Amaravati' (Amarāvatī) is the abode of Indra, the king of gods.

(*St. IV line 1st*)

(5) 'Garuda' (Garuḍa) is said to be a bird which can carry the heaviest weight, can see even a tiny snake from great height and is an enemy of snakes. It is the carrier of Lord Viṣṇu, the one and only God. Though God is worshipped in all forms and shapes He is Viṣṇu.

Īśāvāsyaṁ idaṁ sarvaṁ
Yat kiñ ca jagatyāṁ jagat

"Whatever moves in this moving world is enveloped by God." To carry such an omnipotent God it is necessary to have a bird which could fly with largest amount of weight. Snake is called Sarpa in Sanskrit. Sarpa also means 'moving crookedly.' Therefore naturally the carrier of Viṣṇu should be such as could destroy and see 'the crooked' from a distance. Perhaps that is why symbol of Garuḍa was adopted as carrier of Viṣṇu.

(*St. IV line 3rd*)

(6) 'Indra' is the King of gods.

(*St. IV line 4th*)

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(7) 'Airavata' (Airāvata) is the name of the elephant on which Indra rides.

(8) 'Pushpak' (Puṣpaka) was a flying plane owned by Kubera, God of wealth. It flew without any machine. One had only to wish, and the plane would carry him and fulfil one's wishes. It perhaps indicates the flight of thoughts of an adventurous man. Also it is only through adventure one can amass wealth.

(St. IV line 5th)

(9) The meaning of the Sanskrit word equivalent to bull (Vṛṣa) is "one who keeps everybody happy." Śiva in the form of Maheśa is the protector of the world and thus his carrier is one who keeps everybody happy. This Sanskrit word also means a bull and thus apparently the symbol of bull came to be associated with the carrier of Lord Śiva. Another word for bull is 'Rishabha' (Ṛṣabha).

(St. IV line 6th)

(10) 'Himavan' (Himavāna) was the King of the Himalayas and father of Umā.

(11) Sage 'Narada' (Nārada) is a sort of a bard of the gods. He carried the information from one end to another.

(St. V line 2nd)

(12) 'Sisir' (Śiśira) is a season. In India the year is divided into six seasons approximating to the months as follows :

Spring—	March, April	—	Vasanta
Summer—	May, June	—	Grīṣma
Rains—	July, August	—	Varṣā
Autumn—	September, October	—	Śarat
Winter—	November, December,	—	Hemanta
	January, February	—	Śiśira

(St. XIV line 2nd)

(13) 'Rishi' (Ṛṣi) commonly means 'sage'. In the Vedic context, however, it especially means "a seer of hymn". For, it is said, a Ṛṣi is one who does not merely by effort of composition produces a hymn, but gets it revealed to him in a vision of truth.

(St. XXV line 1st)

(14) 'Kama' (Kāma) is God of love (Cupid). For story see the preface.

(St. XXV line 6th)

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(15) Saffron colour is supposed to be the colour of sacrifice.

(St. XXX line 6th)

(16) 'Mogra' is the Indian name of Tuscan Jasmin flowers.

(St. XXXIV line 2nd)

(17) 'Gandharvas' (Gandharvās) were the musicians to the gods.

(St. XXXIV line 5th)

(18) 'Somarasa' was a type of wine preferred by gods, demi-gods, Gandharvās and others connected with the gods.

(St. XXXIV line 6th)

(19) The blue-tailed bee-eater is found in India upto a height of 7,000 ft. on the Himalayas. Its call sounds like 'ti-tew'.

(St. XXXVI line 5th)

(20) 'Madan' (Madana) is the other name of the God of love. He is usually called by this name after he became bodiless.

(St. XXXVIII line 1st)

(21) 'Rati' (Ratī) is the wife of Madan or Kāma.

(St. XXXVIII line 2nd)

(22) 'Brahma' (Brahmā) is one of the trinity of gods.

(St. XXXIX line 3rd)

(23) 'Sharad' (Śarat) one of the seasons. See item 12 above.

(St. LI line 1st)

(24) 'Satyam' (Satyaṁ) is truth.
'Sundaram' (Sundaraṁ) is beauty.

And the two are one at a higher level, according to Indian philosophy—probably all philosophies.

(St. LII line 5th)

(25) 'Kailash' (Kailāsa) is one of the peaks of the Himalayas and this peak is supposed to be the abode of Śiva.

(St. LIX line 1st)

(26) Whole remains whole. For the one is undivided even when divided. See the preface.

(St. LXIV)

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